

dive in by themundaneweirdo

Series: [hold my breath \(and let it bury me\)](#) [7]

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Characters: Billy Hargrove, Bob Newby, Dustin Henderson, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Holly Wheeler (mentioned), Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Karen Wheeler (mentioned), Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Original Child Character(s), Original Female Character(s), Original Male Character(s), Robin (Stranger Things), Steve Harrington, Susan Hargrove, Will Byers

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Summary:

Billy is twenty six, and so, so blessed.

dive in

Author's Note:

Wow. I can't believe I've written 7 whole parts in a series. I'm so proud of myself for sticking with this story through the ups and downs, and I'm so happy that you've all stuck with me through the bad grammar.

I hope you enjoy the ending to this series!

Billy was twenty one years old when he bought an engagement ring. He'd dipped into his savings that he'd had since he was little, and the large chunk money was just enough to pay for the jewelry up front. The blonde should've picked a ring that was more in his price range, considering he still was paying his bills from police school, but the moment he saw the twinkling diamond, he just knew it was the one.

It was a simple ring, with one medium sized diamond on a gold band, nothing too glamorous that would cause gossip in the town, but still special enough for Max to love it. She wasn't a lover of larger than life things, and usually settled for whatever she could get. Billy had no doubt that the redhead would love it someday.

And, someday was years away considering she was only sixteen at the time of the rings purchase. No one outside of the house knew that Billy was Jaclyn's dad, which was a whole different situation that had to be dealt with later on, so there was so no way he was going to be able to marry a teenager. Even if Susan gave him her blessing, which he hoped she would, the blonde would be waiting a few years until the day he would be seeing the younger redhead walking down the aisle.

The mere mental image of Max wrapped in white made Billy's heart flutter. She would be so beautiful, blanketed in either silk or lace, or even satin, and her veil would conceal her face until the time was right, and he knew for damn sure that his heart would stop. Her eyes would sparkle with the barest hint of eyeshadow, her lips would be graced with a small amount of lipstick, and her cheeks would be

blushed with rouge. Max would be the most gorgeous bride to ever be, he had no doubts.

Billy knew he'd cry, too, because he loved her so much. She's given him what no one else had been able to; love, affection, even a child. Max was his beginning and his ending, his forever and always. No one would ever be able to compare to her.

The blonde often wondered if that is how God planned his life to go; make too many mistakes until one of them finally turned out for the better. Of course, the man upstairs probably didn't anticipate him having sex with his thirteen year old step-sister, let alone it leave her pregnant, but it had seemed to work out. Billy hadn't ever been so happy like he was when with Max, even more joyous when little Jaclyn was born.

Granted, nothing was ever the same, but he didn't want it to be the same. Billy didn't care to have an extended family anymore; he'd rather have a lover and daughter over step-sister any day. Even with Susan, the older redhead had become more of a friend and mother-in-law than a step-parent to him, helping him when he and Max got into small arguments, and encouraging him to finish police school so he could get a job at the station.

The younger redhead became his world, and Jaclyn became his sunshine. The mere mention of Max could bring a smile to his face, make his heart beat so much faster than any healthy human heart should, and it could cause his fingers itch to hold her. Not to mention that the sound of his daughter's name caused a twinkle in his eye, an ache in his already fast heart, and his chest to swell with pride.

Those were his girls, so it only seemed fit to buy Max a ring.

The man behind the jewelry counter had said it was a simple ring, and offered to show Billy more intricate ones, but he didn't need to see anymore. The gold band and single diamond were exactly what he could see Max wearing on her small finger, and he held the ring up to the light in the store to better inspect it. He smiled at how perfect it was, immaculate in every way possible.

"Are you sure it isn't too small, sir? Most girls like a big rock on their

finger,” the employee said, looking worrisome at Billy.

“Well, she’s not like most girls,” Billy chuckled. “If I got her a big one, she’d knock the diamond out.”

The blonde could perfectly see Max going about her daily routine, doing house work, her school work, and she’d easily slam her hand into some hard surface, and bam. The diamond would be lost, and Max would be crying because she basically lost her wedding ring. He was trying to avoid that situation.

Billy handed the ring back to the employee and watched him box it up. Just as he was ringing it up, the blonde’s shoulder mic began to speak.

“Come in, Hargrove. We’ve got a situation down at the quarry. Over.”

Billy sighed and reached up to return the sudden call. “I’m off the clock, try to get Powell. Over.”

The employee bags the box and rests it on the counter as the blonde pulls out a certain amount of bills, hands them over and watches the man behind the counter count. Once satisfied, he hands Billy the bag and gently smiles.

“Thank you for shopping at Julian’s Jewels, and good luck!”

He went home and put the ring box in the glove compartment of his police car to avoid suspicion. His daughter was nearing two years old, and she liked to grab ahold of him every chance she got. He didn’t want Jaclyn to pull out the ring while she patted him down, her small sticky fingers holding the ring up in exclamation. Plus, if he hid it in the Camaro, Max would find it.

Just as expected, a little running body of energy nearly pushed him over as soon as he walked in the door, and Billy picked her up. He rested Jaclyn on his hip, and he took her all in. Her hair was wild as ever, her curls starting to tighten up like his, and her face was flush like she’d been doing strenuous activities before he got home. That’s wasn’t unusual, especially since he and Steve set up a small swing set for the redheaded girl in the backyard. Jaclyn loved the swing and

slide attached to the frame, and spent most of her day time on them.

She giggled when Billy pushed a few stray red curls from her forehead. She leaned forward with her lips puckered, silently asking for her hello kiss that she'd gotten used to getting since he began to work at the station. Smiling, he pecked her quickly before the other redhead came around the corner of the living room.

"You're home late," she says, not serious but not teasing either.

"Hopper had some papers for me to file, he took care of some boys at the park."

Max hummed, leaning up to kiss him on the cheek. He kissed hers, too, her lips soft and warm against his flesh. Billy lazily grinned as he took her her appearance.

Her fiery red hair was shorter than it had ever been, just to her shoulders, and it was something he'd hadn't gotten used to yet. Max got it cut when their daughter began to throw temper tantrums, and she wasn't risking her beautiful locks getting ripped out. Not that he blamed her, his hair had been cut short since he began to work at the station. But, her face was the same, except her cheekbones had become sharper over the past few years. Her eyes were still sparkling, and her freckles stood out like stars against her skin.

She was absolutely breathtaking.

Billy let Jaclyn down as she began to kick her legs in annoyance. She didn't like Max stealing her attention from the blonde, and she was becoming adorably possessive over him. He found it to be cute, especially when the three year old would stomp her foot and pout if he and Max got too close.

"Where's your mom?," the blonde asked Max when their daughter was out of earshot, beginning to unbutton his blue uniform shirt.

The redhead grinned before shrugging her shoulders. "She said something about a date."

"With who?," he inquired, pulling the tucked shirt out of his pants and off to reveal his white tank.

“Bob.”

Billy paused, laying his shirt over the arm of the couch and narrowed his eyes at Max. Was she pulling his leg or was she being serious? There was only a few men named Bob is Hawkins, and surely, the redhead wasn't taking about Bob Newby. Was she?

The blonde frowned. “You can't be serious.”

The redhead smiled slyly before making her way to hallway, trailing behind her daughter.

The idea of Susan going on a date with Bob wasn't that bad, honestly. Billy respected both adults, especially the older redhead for all she'd allow him, and the larger man was a very gentle fellow. He wasn't someone that you had to worry about. Plus, Billy thought Susan deserved to have some fun after all the Hell Neil had brought upon her.

Once the divorce was final, the oldest Hargrove tried his damndest to get Billy to go with him. He threatened him with telling the law about Jaclyn, about the blonde and Max being together despite her age, and he meant it with every fiber of his being. Neil was determined to bring his son down with him, and if it meant destroying him along the way, he would've done it without a care in the world. He wasn't even upset about the divorce, he was just mad that he wouldn't be able to be around the younger redhead anymore.

However, Susan, the strong woman that she'd become, wasn't letting her ex husband win Billy over like that. She wasn't going to let Neil threaten to take her step-son like that, especially when he was more than just a son. He was her daughters significant other, and her granddaughter's father. The blonde meant so much more to her than she'd thought imaginable, he was something to fight for, and she won the fight.

That night, Billy went to bed with the house silent around him, the only noise he heard was Max's gentle breathing, and Susan coming in at an ungodly hour.

Billy was twenty-three when he planned to ask Max to marry him. She was finally eighteen, legal and grown, although she'd technically been grown for a while. He couldn't believe how fast two years had flown by, how it seemed like it was just a day ago that he'd bought the ring and then he was getting ready to ask Susan for her blessing.

He didn't think she was say no, especially considering that he'd worked his ass off since he was eighteen to prove that he was worthy to be with Max. Billy went through Police School with only mild complaining, he became one of Hoppers best officers, and he'd grown into the man he was going to be for the rest of his life. The blonde could've won Father of The Year and Man of The Year if he really wanted to boast, because if he wasn't working, he was at home with his girls.

Billy couldn't count the times he'd helped Max with cooking for doing laundry, or even lended a hand when Susan needed assistance and Bob wasn't around.

He had no idea how many damn princess costumes Jaclyn had, he'd wash and dry like four or five each week, all of them different colors and styles. Max likes to joke that she was just a princess in waiting, and the blonde would reply that she wasn't allowed to date until she was thirty. And with cooking, he was a natural because his mom used to teach him. Billy amazed the younger redhead with how easy it was him for him to make a dish without even glancing at the recipe, and his plates tasted so much better than her own.

Susan didn't need help with much, just rearranging her bedroom and folding laundry when the younger redhead is too busy with Jaclyn. During those times, Billy enjoyed talking to her, because the older redhead had became so much happier since Bob came into her life. She talked of him fondly, often blushed and hid her smile behind her hand, but the blonde knew that look all too well.

Susan had fallen in love.

Billy saw it coming given the time that the pair had spent together. They'd been on several dates, going to restaurants and out of town places, he even took her to a fair that came through Hawkins. The blonde remembers when she came home, she was blushing like a teenager and spinning on her feet while singing a little tune under her breath. Billy had never seen her so happy, so drunk on something that could only be described as infatuation.

Bob was a very sweet man, he knew how to treat Susan, how to keep her happy and pleased. He was funny and awkward, completely opposite of what the older redhead usually went for if Neil is anything to go by. Where the oldest Hargrove was tall, thin, and handsome, Bob was short, rounded, and mediocre at best. But, even with his differences, he really fit in the family.

He welcomed the title of grandpa Bop not too long after he met Jaclyn for the first time. The little redhead seemed to have wrapped him around her finger from the start, much like Billy, and when she called him Bop instead of Bob, no one had the heart to correct her. Bob also welcomed being Susan's boyfriend and Max's father figure, although Max insisted she was old enough to take care of herself.

Best of all, to Billy at least, the round man didn't turn his nose up to the younger couple. He practically knew the blonde was Jaclyn's father, she looked way too much like Billy to deny it, but Bob didn't have a problem with it. He simply took it as it was, because he loved Susan too much to even bat an eye at the odd family dynamic.

In fact, Bob was the person Billy talked to about asking for Susan's blessing.

He was so happy to hear that the blonde wanted to make it official, be a husband and a father. He was nearly gushing when Billy showed him the ring he'd bought two years prior, the gold still bright and the single diamond shining clearly. If Bob would've gotten anymore excited, he might've exploded when Billy told him that he wanted Susan's blessing.

Proper man, he called the blonde, and maybe he was right. Billy had messed everything up when he was eighteen and managed to get a thirteen year old pregnant, but five years later, he was willing to

become a proper husband and father for his family. He had changed that much, grown that much, and he was ready to show it.

So, when Billy came home on that day, ready to ask Susan for her blessing, he was caught off guard when he got slapped right across the face by said redhead.

He felt his cheek burn, but nothing could compare to the fire in Susan's eyes as she nearly screamed, "We agreed on no more babies!"

Barely registering her words, Billy peered around her shoulder to glance at Max sitting on the couch, a small white stick in her hand. Oh, fuck. That means—

"You're p-pregnant?"

Sheepishly, Max nods, a blush creeping up her cheeks as tears gather in her eyes.

What the Hell? Billy didn't even remember the last time they had sex, and every time they did manage to sneak some fooling around time in, they were always protected. Especially after Susan enforced the 'no more babies until marriage' policy.

When was the last time they had sex? It had to have been a few weeks prior, because Billy had been working overtime for a while, and Jaclyn was getting fussy. Was it last week, the week before? Or maybe it was—

Wait. Oh, yeah. That's right.

Susan and Bob had went to see a movie and they took Jaclyn since she wanted to see it, and well, Max got a little handsy. More than a little, she nearly had sucked Billy's tongue out of his mouth before they older couple and toddler even left the driveway. Billy was a little touched starved, so he didn't have the heart to stop the redhead when she pushed him back into the couch and rode him like a cowgirl.

That would make the second baby to be conceived on the couch.

Fuck. There went Susan's blessing.

When Billy had just turned twenty four, he found himself in a familiar position. Well, more like a familiar place, because when Jaclyn was born, he was in the waiting room being talked down by Neil. He didn't get to see when she was born, how she looked or hear her first screams, or even cut her cord to separate her from the placenta since she was born via c-section.

This time around, Billy was sitting in the hospital room, the first cries of his new baby were echoing while he was instructed to cut the umbilical cord. Max had just pushed the infant out, thankful for the natural birth, and while she was sweaty and kind of gross, she'd never looked more beautiful. The baby was wrapped in a blanket for very brief contact with the parents, the redheads hands searching the infant over and began to tear up when she deemed it perfect. Billy just leaned over and gazed at his child, his second born.

He moved the blanket a little, and what do you know?

Billy had a son.

The nurse took him to clean him, told the lucky parents that their son was eight pounds and one ounce, and was twenty inches long. Billy believed it, because even at first glance, the boy was big, almost one whole pound heavier than Jaclyn was. He was a lot chubbier than she was, as well, and looked as though he was going to have Billy's blonde hair. The light sprinkles of white hair twinkled underneath hospital lights, and he briefly wondered if he'd take after Max in the face.

"He's a big ole boy, isn't he?," the nurse joked as she swaddled the newborn and put a hat on his head.

Max chuckled in agreement, but it died off when the baby was placed in her arms, swaddled and warm in a clean blanket. He was an adorable baby from afar, but up close, he was beautiful. The redhead

unwrapped him, and his face scrunched up at the sudden coldness. He reminded Billy of Jaclyn a lot, he had the same chubby cheeks and filled out legs, and the same little Cupid's bow lips and adorable little fingers and toes.

Billy could already see that his son took after him, the baby had his nose and lips, but he could also see just a hint of Max. It could've been the shape of his face, but when he opened his eyes for the first time, Billy knew exactly what it was. He had the green around the rim of his blue eyes like his mother.

"He's so beautiful," Max said lowly, her gentle hand cupping his neck to bring him closer to her. Her eyes were still brimming with tears, some of them slipped out and fell over her cheeks.

Billy wasn't too much better himself. He didn't think he would be so emotional, because he wasn't when he first saw Jaclyn. Considering he didn't get to see her until she was a few hours old, he didn't get to see how she was born and what she looked like when she first came out, maybe that's why he wasn't so worked up. The messy part of his daughter's birth was kept from him, and he'd never get that back.

But, with his second born, Billy was there from the first contraction to the last push. He saw his son's head before he fully delivered, how it was curved due to the birth canal and the tufts of hair that stuck to his head. He saw Dr. Burnes help get his son's shoulders out, and the when he was finally here fully, the blonde heard the very first cry. Billy had never heard something so heavenly.

"Any names?"

Max looked up at the nurse and smiled gently. "We're going to surprise our family when they get to come in."

The nurse nodded.

When their family were finally allowed to visit, Dr. Burnes allowed them all to pack in since he had a sweet spot for Max. Susan and Bob were right up to the bedside, looking over the new addition, Jaclyn sitting on the bed while her mother held her little brother. Steve and Robin stayed to the corner because they knew what it felt like to the

crowded after just having a child, and they weren't fans. Joyce hovered by the younger redheads feet, smiling sweetly at the newborn, and Hopper was resting against the wall, arms crossed as he took in his wife's expression.

The Party was a different story. They weren't exactly hovering or crowding, but they were pretty close to the bed containing Max and her newborn, but the redhead didn't seem to mind. Hell, she even beckoned Jane closer to get to a better look at the boy, and Billy smiled when Jane's eyes blew wide.

"He's so big," she smiled, stepping back until she felt Mike's hands on her hips.

"And, he looks just like Billy," Joyce added.

Max chuckled. "That seems to be a reoccurring trend in this family."

The room lightly laughed, friendly faces and happy people, and Billy realized that even if he didn't have his mom or that his dad was a piece of shit, he did have a pretty big family. Hopper and Joyce were more like parents than his boss and bosses wife, and everyone knew damn well that Steve Harrington had become Billy's best friend. Hell, even the Party had came to mean something to him, even if he said it was only because they were Max's friends.

Damn, when did Billy get so blessed?

"What are we naming this little fellow?," Susan asked when the baby was passed to her.

Max glanced at Billy, and he leaned back more on the bed, wrapping an arm around her shoulders. The younger redhead smiled as Jaclyn crawled into the blondes lap, and that seemed to be the only encouragement she needed; her little family there to support her.

"We like Elliot for his first name," she said. "And, we thought maybe Robert for his middle name."

Bob's face slightly dropped, and everyone else seems to gasp. It might've been cheesy, but there was no other name they could've chose for a little boy. And, plus, Bob had became part of the family,

and it only seemed right to name the new addition after him since he'd been there long enough to make such a big impact on their lives.

"I don't know what to say," Bob choked out, looking at the baby held in Susan's arms. "Thank you, I'm... I'm honored."

Bob later cried when Elliot Robert Hargrove was written on the birth certificate.

Billy was twenty six when he woke up in an empty bed at Steve's house, the sound of the Harrington family moving about down stairs. The pitter-patter of Ethan and Nathan running around echoed in the home, their screams of excitement bouncing off the walls. The blonde had smiled when he heard Robin shushing them, and Steve's voice saying something about Billy sleeping upstairs.

He eventually rolled out of bed just before 8 am, and he slipped out of the guest bedroom in his pj pants, a razor and toothbrush in hand. In the bathroom, he brushed his teeth diligently before finally lifting the razor to his face.

Max had kept saying for weeks that she wanted his facial hair gone for the wedding, mustache and all. Not that Billy minded, it would just grow back. But, it was the fact that his mustache and the hair along his jaw had become apart of who he is. It helped shape the blonde into the man that he worked so hard to be, to get out of the bad boy scene that he got himself into.

So, off went the hair along his jawline, the patch around his chin, and finally, the mustache. Briefly, while Billy rinsed off his face, he wondered if he looked like he was eighteen again despite not having that ridiculous mullet. God, '84 and '85 were not good years to him. But, the more he examined himself, he decided that if that is what Max wanted, then he'd gladly look young and reckless again if it

meant she was happy.

He showered quickly, just long enough to wash the sleep off of him and the grease from hair, and went back to the guest room to change. He dressed in a pair of sleeping pants and a white long sleeve shirt, something warm and snug before he had to slip into his suit. It was October in Hawkins, so the weather was furiously cold to its residence.

Billy jogged down the nice set of stairs and made his way to the kitchen, where the wild ruckus was still going strong. It didn't take long for the five year old twins to take notice and, in sync, said, "Morning, Uncle Billy!"

The blonde smiled at them, returned their hellos, and grabbed a mug from the cupboard above Robin's head. She grinned at him as he made his cup of coffee, hands in the pockets of her apron.

"I guess you decided to shave after all, huh?," she teased.

"What Max wants, Max gets."

Robin laughed as Billy sat beside Steve at the bar of the kitchen, both men sipping their coffee.

It wasn't too long and Bob had arrived, little Elliot in tow. The little boy still looked as though he was still half asleep, so when Billy picked him up, he tried to snuggle into his father's shoulder. The older blonde tried his best not to give in and let the boy sleep, because he just knew his son didn't get any sleep without Billy there to cuddle at night. But, he eventually let the two year old catch a cat nap while everyone got showered and ready.

"My little man didn't get any sleep," he cooed, laying Elliot down on the guest bed.

The blonde toddler stretched and cuddled down in the still warm pillows that smelt like his father, and Billy felt his heart swell. Poor thing, he probably only got a few hours of shut eye while being forced to sleep in his own room for once. He probably should've brought the boy to stay at Steve's with him since he wasn't allowed

to see the redhead before the wedding, but it was an afterthought.

Billy changed into his tux and was putting on socks when someone knocked on the door.

“Come in.”

Steve’s full head of hair peaked in before stepping in fully, already dressed in his suit and shoes. He looked nice, maybe even more cleaned up than he was for his own wedding. The brunette smiled at Billy softly, shoving his hands into his pockets.

“Big day. You’ve waited a long time for this, I know,” Steve said, stepping closer as the blonde got his shoes on and tied.

Billy nodded, standing to adjust his feet in the shoes. “Like you wouldn’t believe.”

The brunette glanced behind him, chuckling at Elliot, who was completely knocked out. The long blonde curls were a mess across the pillows, his mouth was slightly open with light breaths that came out so quiet. Steve wasn’t going to say it, but the two year old was an exact copy of Billy.

“We leave in about 20 minutes, you should probably get him up and dressed.”

Billy nodded, and Steve did, too, before leaving the room.

By the time the group of Harringtons and Hargrove’s got to the church, the older blonde couldn’t find the time to care that the boys hair resembled Tarzan, or that he still had to be dressed because Billy was too busy greetings guests. Billy passed his grumpy two year old to Robin in hopes that she would change his outfit, and went to the front of the church to welcome the people that bothered to show up.

Hopper and his family looked nice as always, dressed in their Sunday clothes. Joyce stopped to hug him and kiss his cheek, and Billy smiled when Will, still quiet and shy, shook his hand before his father did the same. The chief gripped his hand and gave him a good shake, a certain look of pride in his eyes. It was something a father would have in their eyes, and Billy had never felt more proud of himself.

He didn't question where Jane was, he knew she was probably still back the house with Max getting ready. The brunette was maid of honor, after all.

Karen Wheeler came, her youngest daughter and Mike with her. Originally, he didn't really want her to be at his wedding, especially after he had to charm his way into her house those years ago while looking for Max. It made him uncomfortable thinking about it, and he didn't want to be like that on his wedding day. But, after she had offered to make their cake for free, Billy knows guilt would've ate at him if he didn't allow her attend.

Karen looked beautiful as ever, and she tugged thirteen year old Holly behind her. The blonde girl didn't look too happy to be hovered by her mother, but she perked up when Billy waved at her. Mike had actually dressed up for once, his pants and button-up shirt looked well fitted on the slender boys body. He also shook Billy's hand, and right behind him was the other Party members.

Lucas and Dustin had brought dates, which Billy didn't mind, and they all seemed to match. Lucas and Irene wore the same shade of green in his shirt and her dress, and the emerald reminded him of Max's eyes. Dustin and Olivia wore some sort of blue that looked too light to call navy, but they looked nice regardless.

The last to arrive before the bride was Nancy and Jonathan. He brought his camera to take pictures, just like he promised he would, and Nancy only brought her purse. They matched as well, but her cream colored dress only made her rounded belly more evident. Billy knew how Jonathan must've felt, about to be a father, and they weren't married yet. It was easy for the blonde to relate.

After all the guests were settled in the chapel, Robin rounded up her twins and sat them with Joyce while she helped Susan get the bride and bridesmaid ready. Billy was already at the altar with the preacher, and Steve right behind him.

He was so nervous. He was about to be married to the one person he's waited on for eight years, the girl he would literally crawl on his hands and knees for. There was no limit to Billy's love for Max, especially after all that their love had endured throughout the years.

There just simply wasn't anything that he wouldn't do for her, and the same goes for him.

The double doors were finally opened, the music began to play, and the first person to come through was Jane. She looked adorable in her pink dress, flowing down to her feet, and the straps were low on her shoulders. Billy could see Hopper and Joyce out the corner of his eye, and he saw how the older man's eyes glistened with proud tears, Joyce's hand holding his.

Jane waved at her parents when she stood across from Billy at the altar, and he thought it was adorable when Jonathan snapped a picture from the other side of the room. A proud family, the Hoppers were.

While Billy thought the Jane looked adorable, nothing could've been cuter than Jaclyn tugging Elliot down the aisle. The red headed girl was dressed in a smaller version of the dress Jane was wearing, and she carried a basket full of rose petals that she was doing a mediocre job of throwing out since she was pulling her brother along. Elliot wasn't too happy to be forced to walk with his sister, still grumpy from his earlier cat nap, and face dark in a childish frown.

The crowd of guests awed when the pair of children reached the front of the altar, Jaclyn smiling and proudly saying, "Hi daddy."

Billy smiled as he squatted down, his two kids wrapping their small arms around him, and he squeezed them like his life depended on it. He kissed both of their heads, fighting back tears because those were his babies. Jaclyn was his beautiful baby girl, and Elliot was his handsome little boy. They were finally about to be a whole family, no spaces between them, and Billy couldn't hardly take it.

Jonathan took a picture of the family like that before Billy let go of his children, Jaclyn going to stand beside Jane, and Elliot taking Steve's hand. Just as the kids got settle in their positions, the music switched, and everyone rose from their seats.

There, just inside the double doors, wrapped in white, stood Max and Susan.

Billy felt all the air in his lungs suddenly vanish, and Steve laid a hand on his shoulder to keep him upright. The shadow from the door obscured the view of her, but as Susan began to walk her down the aisle, the sunlight made Max shine in the small confines of the church.

Her fiery red hair was pulled back so Billy could really look at her, burning bright, and her skin glowing in the small amount of makeup she had on. Her foundation was accented by the rouge on her cheeks, the lipstick smeared on her lips, and the light touch of mascara that made her eyes look so damn big. Max looked like a porcelain doll, all done up in a graceful way. She looked like an angel sent from Heaven, there was no other explanation for her beauty.

Every step she took towards him, Billy felt his eyes twinge with more tears. How could he not cry? He's waited years to see Max like that, wrapped in white and ready for marriage. It felt like all his dreams and wishes were coming true. God, he was so blessed to have her.

When Susan gave Max away, tears in her eyes and a sob almost ripping through her throat, she sat with Bob as Billy took the younger redheads hand. Her skin was so soft, pale against his own tan flesh, and she gripped his hand like she was scared he'd let go. Billy would never let her go, he'd never let her stray far from him because he craved her. Max smiled at him briefly, and he returned the favor, before they turned to face the preacher.

Billy doesn't remember much between the preacher welcoming the guests and "I do", but what he will always remember, never to forget, is the moment his lips touched Max's. It was their first kiss as a married couple.

He remembers the crowd of their friends and family clapping and cheering, and Steve's hands clapping him on the shoulder. Jonathan spanning pictures and Hopper whistling, Jaclyn and Elliot running and knocking into their parents legs. Susan and Bob crying, holding onto one another and smiling the whole time. The whole church was loud.

He remembers his first dance with Max, her arms around his neck and his on the small of her back, just swaying back and forth as

November Rain by Guns 'N' Roses played. Billy was lost in his own little world as Max's gentle breath ghosted over his shoulder, the music carrying them away. He didn't even register the guests there, watching them as they danced slow, in tune with one another. It felt like a fairy tale, he a King and Max a Queen.

Billy remembers how Jaclyn danced on top of his feet, smiling and laughing as he moved along to Sweet Child O' Mine, the other dancing guests chuckling. He sang to her when he picked her up and swung her around, only stopping when she was almost gasping from laughter. His sweet baby girl, his only daughter, she was too cute for her own good. Jaclyn eventually moved on and began to dance with Nathan, and the blonde thought it was precious to see her swing him around on the dance floor.

Max had shoved cake in his face, and she screamed when he kissed her with icing all over his mouth. Jonathan was able to catch that one camera, much to the redheads dismay. She was still smiling when it was showed her. Billy watched as his son devoured his slice of cake with his hands only while Jaclyn could barely use her fork, but she hummed and said it was good. He didn't have the heart to wipe the white icing from her mouth.

When Max threw her bouquet, predictably, Jane caught it, and Mike nearly pissed himself. Not to mention the way Hopper laughed nervously and Joyce awed, which totally made whole situation better. It had to be the funniest thing Billy had seen in awhile.

Then, everyone took pictures, Billy and Max kissed their kids goodbye, and now, they're laying in a cabin.

Max is beautiful like this, sleeping soundly in the California king bed while her cheek is pressed to Billy's chest.

The moonlight shines down in rivets from the cabins window, the blue illuminated light casting a heavenly shadow on the redhead. Her skin is glowing, the high points of her face highlighted and the slivers of cheekbone hollow, making her appear slightly gaunt. The fiery locks of hair are a purple hue, but still bright and bursting with life despite the dark room. Even the freckles on her flawless flesh is standing out, like intricate constellations that only shine for the

upmost beautiful people.

Max is gorgeous is any light, that much Billy knows for a damn fact. She can be sun kissed or as white as snow, and she'll still be the most beautiful thing he's ever seen. Whether she be small and petite, or round with a baby, Max has never been anything short of breathtaking. The redhead just has that natural beauty to her; ageless, timeless, and without effort.

But now, older and wiser than she was at thirteen, when their little rendezvous started, Max has grown into the woman that she'll be for the rest of her life. The redhead is filled out more, curvier in places that she wasn't before, and carried her weight around her hips and legs. Billy can't complain, she's never looked more stunning, especially with that ring on her finger.

Maxine Hargrove, that's her name now, and it seems like they've been waiting such a long time to even be able to think it possible. It isn't like he could've married her when she was thirteen and he eighteen, it wasn't possible. It's crazy to think Billy's has waited eight years to marry the redhead, he's had to be patient and willing.

It's obviously paid off.

"I love you," he says, not expecting a reply from Max's sleeping form. He doesn't need her to reply, he knows for sure that she loves him.

Billy is twenty six, married with two kids, and he couldn't have dreamt of a better life.

Author's Note:

I want to thank every reader and commenter for keeping me going! I wouldn't have been able to do this without you guys!

Phew!

Good? Bad? Comment and let me know how you feel about the ending to Billy and Max's story!

Also, I may start a few more series revolving around

Stranger Things and my ships. Let me know if you would be interested in that type of thing!